

FULL and DOWN



SUMMER, 1942



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FULL and DOWN

UNITED STATES MARITIME SERVICE
OFFICERS' TRAINING STATION
GOVERNMENT ISLAND, ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

CLASS OF SUMMER, 1942



Abstracts...

FULL and DOWN is the smooth log of a one-way voyage that began almost four months ago. Since that time we have made good a true course over a previously unfathomed ocean of books and lectures. And now we ring down *arrival*...



Our vessel is the collective determination of three hundred merchant seamen who came here as firemen, oilers, ABs and bosuns,—to pay off as Mates and Engineers—officers of the United States Merchant Marine.

On Government Island, Alameda, in the midst of the military formality of a busy Coast Guard training station swarming with bewildered *boats*, we have been quietly, conscientiously and informally cramming our rusted intellects with technical information that has stubbornly resisted our most anxious and diligent efforts to understand it.

Most of us have been going to sea for a long time. We have stood lookouts and wheel-watches, chipped paint and painted, *soogied* and spliced;—we have rigged gear, cleaned burners, oiled and repaired ancient *triples* and *quads*, polished the brightwork on occasion. On watch-below we read books on an

enormous variety of subjects, and we exchanged opinions on the topics of the day. . . . Some remarkable discussions are held in the fo'c'sle forums of merchant ships. And merchant seamen have a pretty high estimate of their own acquired erudition.

But here the wind failed us, and our sails hung limp! We, who hadn't bothered even to count our change, were suddenly deluged with formulas and diagrams and definitions. We dreamed of logarithmic functions, loxodromic curves, the ionic theory of corrosion; we muttered strange incantations:—"When it's on it's off, when it's off it's on" . . . and various other weird phrases—"East is least, West is best" . . . "lack of parallelism" . . . "vascular collapse" . . .

It has taken much concentrated study and the sacrifice of several valuable weekends for us to have regained our self respect. And it is with a feeling of accomplishment that we conclude our course.



Ninety per cent of the men whose photographs appear in this book have had service in troubled waters since the attack on Pearl Harbor. Many of us have served in convoys, others



have worked on vessels unescorted and unarmed,—several have already been torpedoed and have suffered days and weeks in open lifeboats.

So it is with grim humor that we recall the remark of the *boot* who arrived here for training fresh from the Iowa pampas, and salty as the air over the Oakland Estuary. He swaggered over to Mike, one of our men, who was ordinary seaman with Columbus and hadn't spent two consecutive months on the beach in fifteen years until he came here for training. "You guys get all the breaks," the kid complained. "Just because you went to college. . . . *We* sail all the ships!" . . . Mike had six years of grammar-school education. "Well," he drawled, "I didn't go to Harvard fer nuthing."

We are aware, of course, that a goodly number of our countrymen, particularly those from inland communities, are endowed with a vast ignorance of the status of merchant seamen in the American economy. We are not surprised, therefore, when a stranger claps us on the back, sets up a drink, plays *Anchors Aweigh* on the juke-box, and exclaims, "I was in the *Navy* during the last war!"

The drink is heartily welcomed, yes, but the detailed explanation that must inevitably follow is equally dreaded. Not that

we don't have the greatest respect for our Navy—we are in a position to realize and appreciate the valiant service our United States Navy is rendering for democracy and civilization.

And yet we have a certain pride in our own unique profession. We have our own traditions and legends—we have our own customs.

We take pride in the fact that forty of us can be entrusted with ten thousand tons of cargoes valued at many millions of dollars,—that we can efficiently carry these cargoes anywhere over the seas,—that we can keep our ship clean and fit and vital, a thing of beauty and service. We are proud that we can work together as shipmates and friends, skipper, officers and crew,—that we can dispense with military discipline, and still, as officers, command the wholesome, voluntary respect of the entire ship's company.



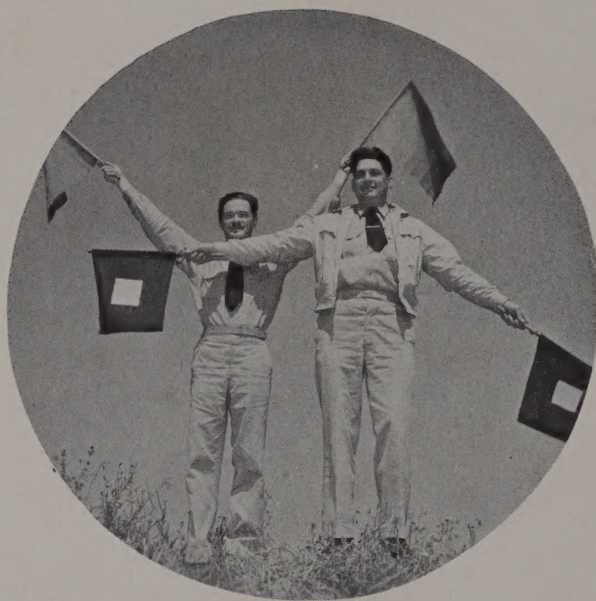
Now, as we leave the Maritime Service Training Station, we wish to express our gratitude to our instructors, Coast Guard and Merchant Officers together, for pounding into our thick skulls that special knowledge that is necessary to make an officer out of a seaman.

DEDICATION

*Sincerely, gratefully extended in
memory to the Merchant Mar-
iners of all Nations who have
gone down with their ships.*







ADMINISTRATION





PHOTO BY U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

At the Helm of the Maritime Commission



ADMIRAL EMORY S. LAND
Chairman of the Maritime Commission
and Administrator of WSA

CAPT. EDWARD McCAULEY
Deputy Administrator of
War Shipping Administration
and only West Coast member of
Maritime Commission





J. E. STIKA
Captain, U.S.C.G.
Commanding Officer
Coast Guard Base, U. S. Maritime
Training Program

U. S. MARINE TRAINING STATION FACULTY



G. C. WHITTLESEY
Lt. Comdr., U.S.C.G.
Executive Officer

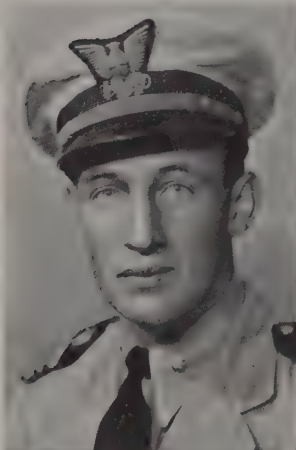
N. W. SPROW
Lt. Comdr., U.S.C.G.
Practical Navigation

J. R. STEWART
Lt. Comdr., U.S.C.G.
Math., Navigation

HOLLIS M. WARNER
Lt. Comdr., U.S.C.G.
Math., Navigation

E. E. HAHN
Jr. Lt. Comdr., U.S.C.G.
Skipper U.S.M.S. Delta Queen

FLOYD D. OVERHAUSER
Lieutenant (jg), U.S.C.G.
Communication



A. G. CORNELL
Lieutenant (jg), U.S.C.G.
Lifeboats



F. A. PRINCE
Ch. Gunner, U.S.C.G.
Ordnance Officer



H. L. WELLS
C.Ph. M., U.S.C.G.
Medical, First Aid



G. GIELDA
C.G.M., U.S.C.G.
Gunnery Instructor



H. PLUMMER
G.M. 3/c, U.S.C.G.
Gunnery Instructor





A. G. FORD
Lt. Comdr., U.S.M.S.
Cargo, Rules of the Road



H. NORBY
Lt. Comdr., U.S.M.S.
Seamanship Instructor



A. L. HENDRICKSON
Lieutenant, U.S.C.G.
Math., Boilers

E. V. CARLSON
Lieutenant, U.S.C.G.
Theory-Reciprocating Engines

F. G. HALL
Lieutenant, U.S.C.G.
Steam Turbines

J. H. WAGLINE
Lieutenant, U.S.C.G.
Math.

B. B. GROSS
Lieutenant (jg), U.S.P.H.S.(r)
Medical Officer



R. E. HILGREN
Lieutenant (jg), U.S.P.H.S.
Dental Corps



I. D. EINTRACHT
Mach., U.S.C.G.
Rules and Regs., Diesel Instr.



H. EVANS
C.M.M., U.S.C.G.
Welding



G. A. REUSS
C.M.M., U.S.C.G.
Machine Shops



CAMPBELL BRICE SEE, *Secretary* PIERCE O'CALLAGHAN, *Pres.* TRESKIN CANNON ARLINGTON PORTER

STUDENT COUNCIL



The Student Council was formed during the middle of the term—rather late. The gripes that are common to all seamen were very evident in school. The lads remembered the old adage, that "in unity there is strength." After a general meeting of all hands, ninety-eight per cent of the student body drew up a petition requesting recognition of the Council as official spokesmen for the class.

Commander Whittlesey recognized the necessity of such a body and the Council was very favorably received. All problems affecting the morale and general effort of the class were openly discussed with representatives of the faculty.

Each section of the deck and engine departments elected a delegate to represent the respective departments. The officers of the Council elected were: Tom O'Callaghan, President, and Frank See, Secretary.

While situations arose that were easily solved, with the appreciated cooperation of the executive officer, the Council proved one point, namely: THE AMERICAN SEAMAN CAN, AND WILL, regardless of union affiliations, see eye to eye. The Council, with an N.M.U. president, a S.U.P. secretary, and M.F.O.W.&W., S.I.U., and non-union delegates, accomplished its purpose.

The entire student body fully appreciates the efforts and success of our Student Council and we urge the men who follow us to CARRY ON . . .



BAUM
Asst. Editor

McLAUGHLIN
Asst. Editor
METCALFE
Art Director

CROOKS
Asst. Advertising Mgr.
BERGMAN
Editor-in-Chief

McGEE
Asst. Editor

CONDON
Asst. Editor

O'CALLAGHAN
Advertising Mgr.

*Confidential Communique: Attention graduate Mates-Engineers
U.S.M.O.T.S. Summer '42.*

The first breath of life stirred restlessly in *Full and Down* just five weeks ago. Spark plug classmates conferred. They discussed ways and means to maintain and develop our proposed class book until it could stand on its own merit; a publication that will be elaborated upon by the next class of hopeful enrollees.

All-out enthusiasm was quenched, stifled, suppressed—even discouraged by opposition. Wise men spoke, saying, "It can't be done within such a limited time." "Where will you get any financial support?" "It won't receive official sanction," etc.

Well, the wise men were wrong! Here's our book! Finished—completed! "Because everybody made the deadline!!!"

The staff is extremely grateful to the Officers of the U. S. Coast Guard and the U. S. Maritime Service for their congenial assistance and cooperation. We appreciate the untiring efforts and splendid work done by Mr. Doherty of Fischer Studios and the special attention and patience devoted us by Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Watson of the Lexicon Press.

I'm shouting a sincere "Thanks, fellows," to O'Callaghan for his optimism; to Condon and Crooks for their ceaseless campaigning; to Baum for his fine Abstracts; to McGee and Pratt for their willingness and helpful criticism; to Metcalfe, our top-notch artist; to Treskin, See, McLaughlin, Crandell. Nor am I forgetting Hooper and Dickson who generously provided the badly needed typewriters.

We're all familiar with "We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when." Until then let *Full and Down* keep our friendships and acquaintances alive.

Goodbye—Good Luck—smooth sailing to all hands.

Sincerely,

A. F. (HOGAN) BERGMAN
Editor

EDITORIAL STAFF



Delta Queen

Doubtless during her long career the Delta Queen has seen many strange sights, what with moonlight cruises to Sacramento and excursions on the bay . . . but the day that two hundred-odd merchant seamen lugged their gear aboard her old bulkheads echoed with yarns more lurid than anything that had ever gone before.

* * *

"Seven decks and a straw bottom" had the fabled Tuscarora, known to all seamen—the "Queen" has a Texas deck, a new one to most of us—but she was a good ship and a good home ably presided over by Chief Welch.



K. C. WELCH
C.B.M., U.S.C.G.





In Memoriam
JOHN T. BROUSSARD
A Shipmate



SECTION 5D—UNDISPUTED RACE BOAT CHAMPIONS

Section One—Deck...

GEORGE A. AITKEN—Garden Home, Oregon. Completed four year cruise U.S.N. Ambition: "to keep a ship under me for the duration."

FRED BENTON—Just out from Houston, Texas. Sixteen years sea service.

L. H. BENTZ—Left a home in New Orleans. Ambition: "to define shock."

CHARLES BOETTCHER—28 years old. Four years at sea. Vallejo, Calif. Wants to "luff like a sailor."

E. H. BRADY—Daphne, Alabama. Ex-Army. Hopes to become a master mariner.

CHARLES E. CANFIELD—Port Hueneme, Calif. Three years in U.S.N.R.

JOSEPH M. CRAWFORD—New Orleans, La. Sea service 10 years.

J. C. CRANDELL—Home state Iowa. Eight years afloat. Hobby: Long, tall sea stories. Favorite Ships: wooden steam schooners.

R. DAIGLE—Home town, Sheridan, Wyoming. Former seaman in U.S.N.

FRANK DIXON—New Orleans, La. Fifteen years offshore. Ambition: to be a good sailor man.

J. M. DOWGIALLO—Portland, Oregon. Eight years at sea.

L. F. DUARTE—Decoto, Calif. Three-year cruise in U.S.C.G.

A. V. ENNA—New Orleans, La.—Six years sea time. Did a cruise in the U.S.N.

W. H. FAUST—Kentwood, La.—One hitch U.S.A. Ambition: "to know navigation like Mr. Sprow; seamanship, like Mr. Norby; cargo like Mr. Ford; and math like Mr. Stewart. Sea service three years.

H. Y. FISHBACK—Fayetteville, Ark. Twelve years at sea.

W. A. FLEMING—Mobile, Ala. Five years in ships.

W. H. GARRETSON—Portland, Ore. Eight years at sea.

J. J. GALLOWAY—Portland, Ore. Another man who completed his cruise in the U.S.N.

J. H. HAAG—New Orleans, La. Thirteen years in ships. Ambition: "to take good care of my footwear at all times."

T. I. HARRISON—San Francisco, Calif.

E. J. F. HORNBACK—Portland, Ore. Seventeen years sea service.

W. A. JONSON—Oakland, Calif. Six years sea time. One cruise in the Navy. Hopes to become a master mariner.

G. KISKADDON—Los Angeles, Calif. Three years with ships. Will give the boys competition for the much-sought-after master mariner's license.

A. KNOX—Portland, Ore. Five years sea service.

O. F. KYLER—Portland, Ore. Ex-Navy. Five years afloat.

R. F. LANG—Oakland, Calif. One hitch in the Coast Guard.

A. D. LEWIS—Jacksonville, Texas. One hitch in the U.S.A. Five years at sea.

D. B. McGEE—Houston, Texas. Sea service, six years. Ambition: "to get away from the fog, steam schooners, and the unsunny State of California as soon as possible. 'She' ought to be at the station."

DAVID A. MATHISON—Seattle Washington. Sea service, five years.

C. MEYER—Houston, Texas. Eighteen years sea service.

T. F. O'CALLAGHAN—New London, Conn. Sea service, eight years. Ambition: "to cross the bar in a similar manner to the late Senator David Walsh, of whom I was an ardent admirer."

J. E. PHILLIPS—Port Arthur, Texas. Sea time, six years.

H. J. PITARD—New Orleans, La. Sea service five years. Ambition: to be Mr. Ford's assistant.

ANDREW JACKSON PRATT—Leaksville, North Carolina. Sea service five years. Ambition: to sail a 20-knot tanker and marry the readheaded young lady back home.

R. J. ROWLAND—Norfolk, Va. Six years with the steamships.

C. L. STALLWORTH—Twenty-one years young. Flomatom, Ala. Been riding ships for six years.

P. F. STEVENS—Portland, Ore. Sea service ten years. Just wants to be a right guy.

HOWARD VAUGHN—Seattle, Washington. Been shipping out for more than five years. Aspires for a Skipper's job.



G. A. AITKEN
F. BENTON
L. H. BENTZ
C. A. BOETTCHER
E. H. BRADY
C. E. CANFIELD

J. CRANDELL
J. M. CRAWFORD
R. A. DAIGLE
F. DIXON
J. N. DOWGIALLO
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J. E. PHILLIPS

H. F. PITARD
A. J. PRATT
R. J. ROWLAND
C. L. STALLWORTH
P. F. STEVENS
H. VAUGHN



TENTATIVE MASTERS OF THE LATHE

Section One—Engineers...

T. B. APLINGTON—Oregon. Seetime, seven years. Hope: To see the western front opened this year.

W. A. BACHMAYER—Seattle, Wash. Seetime, three years. Ambition: to find out if anyone ever ratified Ohms law.

E. BUS—Seattle, Washington. Sea service, six years.

W. B. BISHOP—Seattle, Washington. Seetime, three years.

W. H. BRITTAIN—Seattle, Washington. Sea service, ten years. Hope: to live to see the defeat of Fascism, Nazism, and Japism.

A. BRENNAN—Bellingham, Washington. Fifteen years seetime. Ambition: to be a shipowner.

RAVIS J. BROWN—New Orleans, La. Seetime, five years. Ambition: "To be a consulting engineer and to find a woman that I can trust."

FABIAN F. BOUVY—Louisiana. Four years seetime.

J. P. BROWNFIELD—Seattle, Washington. Four years seetime. Ambition: to make one trip to Alaska, and to own a stump ranch in Washington.

RALPH CROFT—Tennessee. Navy three years; U.S.M.S. eight months.

ROBERT J. DOLAN—Seattle, Washington. Three years seetime. Ambition: to be a Chief at the age of 35.

FRANK W. DURAND—Texas. Sea service, six years. Ambition: to live to a ripe old age.

GORDON EASTIS—Nederland, Texas. Sea service eight years.

BRUCE M. FISK—Seattle, Washington. Sea service, eight years. Ambition: "See me next year for a job as I will be port engineer."

JOSEPH W. FISK—Seattle, Washington. Sea service, three years. Ambition: "To devote the rest of my life to the merchant marine."

GERALD J. FLAKE—Galveston, Texas. Sea service, nine years.

L. J. FREIRE—New Orleans, La. Sea service five years. Ambition: to keep advancing and reach the top.

ARNOLD C. GIADROSICH—New Orleans, La. Sea service five years. Ambition: to retire at 45.

W. M. HALSELL—West Greene, Ala. Sea service five years. Ambition: to be chief engineer on a ten hour run.

RODGER M. HASE—Portland, Oregon. Sea service, seven years.

ALFRED F. HOOPER—San Francisco, Calif. Seetime, eight years. Ambition: to get a license and "keep them sailing."

A. H. JACOBSON—Seattle, Washington. Sea service, eight years.

PEYTON JOHNSON—Port Arthur, Texas. Sea service, five years.

JOHN G. JURJEVICH—Perdido, Ala. Sea service, five years. Ambition: to go to sea as an engineer and hope for a quick victory over the Axis.

HERBERT T. KIRKPATRICK—New Orleans, La. Sea service, eight years.

THOMAS KROMKE—Oregon. Sea service, fifteen years. Ambition: to own a shack in the hills.

J. L. MURPHY—Connecticut. Sea service, eight years. Ambition: to go back east and buy a chicken farm.

H. W. TETER—Seattle, Washington. Seetime, eight years. Ambition: to retire on overtime and bonus.

ROBERT J. WITT—Texas. Thirteen years sea service.

JOHN YESSMAN—Newark, N. J. Sea service, twelve years.



T. B. APLINGTON
W. BACHMAYER
W. B. BISHOP
F. F. BOUVY
A. C. BRENNAN
W. H. BRITTAIN

R. J. BROWN
J. P. BROWNFIELD
E. BUS
R. T. CROFT
R. S. DOLAN
F. W. DURAND

A. C. GIADROSICH
G. EASTIS
B. M. FISK
J. W. FISK
G. J. FLAKE
L. J. FREIRE
J. G. JURJEVICH

W. M. HALSELL
R. M. HASE
A. F. HOOPER
A. H. JACOBSON
P. JOHNSON
R. J. WITT

H. T. KIRKPATRICK
T. A. KROMKE
R. G. LEAP
J. L. MURPHY
H. W. TETER
J. YESSMAN



DIAGNOSING THE CELESTIAL SPHERE

Section Two—Deck...

KENNETH W. BERGLUND—Seattle, Wash. Seven years sea service. Prefers a winch driving job on a good Alaska steamship.

C. E. BRIED—San Francisco, Calif. Any ship will do as long as it goes fast and remains afloat.

G. C. CHRISTOFFERSON—Kodiak, Alaska. Fifteen years with ships. Sails out of Seattle. "Fifteen high and a binder" is his slogan.

J. K. COULSON—Atwater, Calif. Spent the last six years in the Navy and Merchant Marine.

DONALD R. DADY—Honolulu, T. H. Graduated C.M.T.C. Been going to and from "Frisco" and the Islands for the past seven years.

E. D. DAMITZ—Council Bluffs, Iowa. Sails from Portland, Ore. Ex-Navy quartermaster.

LOUIS M. DILLON—Portland, Ore.

RICHARD H. DRAKE—Geneva, Ohio. Ships out of San Pedro, Calif. Four years at sea.

J. E. EASTON—Burlingame, Calif. Ships out of San Francisco, New York, and the Gulf. Three years sea service.

W. M. FOWLER—Oakland, Calif. Ships out of San Francisco. Eight years sea service.

W. M. GAGNIER—San Francisco, Calif. Five years sea service. Four years U.S.N.R.

K. E. GOOD—Santa Rosa, Calif. Sails out of San Francisco. Five years sea service. One cruise in the Navy.

C. J. HALFORD—Oakland, Calif. Six years sea time. Four years in the British Navy in the last war.

E. S. IVERSON—Vallejo, Calif. Five years sea service. Ex-bosun on an army mine planter.

S. N. JOHNSON—Home, and home port, Seattle. Nine and a half years sea service.

C. M. JONES—Washington, D. C. Sails from San Francisco. Six and a half years sea service. One hitch in the Coast Guard.

T. KALDEFOSS—Long Beach, Calif. Sails from San Pedro. Sixteen years sea service.

J. E. KENDALL—Home, and home port, San Francisco, Calif. Eight years sea service.

J. D. KOHNKEN—Stockton, Calif. Ships from San Francisco. Five years sea service. One hitch in the Navy.

R. A. LARKIN—Alameda, Calif. Home port, New York. One hitch in the Navy.

J. V. MOLANDER—Rockford, Ill. Ships from San Francisco. Eight years sea service.

A. S. OKO, JR.—Home, and home port, San Francisco. Three years sea service.

E. E. OLSOM, Los Angeles, Calif. Home port, San Pedro. Nine years sea service, including one hitch in the Navy.

D. M. PLAISTER—San Diego, Calif. Ships out of San Francisco. Ten years sea service.

F. M. POORE, JR.—Home, and home port, Seattle, Washington. Five years sea service. One hitch in the Navy and one year in the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

J. W. RADER—Corte Madera, Calif. Home port, San Francisco. Ten years sea service, not including time on the Shanghai police force.

J. M. ROTHSCCHILD—Long Beach, Calif. Sails from San Pedro. Three and one half years sea service.

G. C. RUTHERFORD—Denver, Colorado. Ships out of San Francisco. Three years sea service.

F. M. SEE—Brooklyn, New York. Ships out of San Francisco and Seattle. Nine years sea service.

W. S. SHERMAN, JR.—Home, and home port, San Francisco, California. Four years sea service.

W. SLIMAN—Emmett, Idaho. Home port, San Francisco. Five years sea service. One hitch in the Navy.

L. R. SNYDER—Oakland, Calif. Sails out of San Francisco. Twelve years sea service.

B. H. THOMPSON—Santa Rosa, Calif. Ships out of San Francisco. Six years sea service.

K. SHOSS—Home port and home, San Francisco, Calif. Sixteen years sea service. Seven years in the Coast Guard.

S. WALLS—Home, and home port, San Francisco. Favorite run, Australia. Nine years sea service.

H. C. WILLIAMS—Aberdeen, Washington. Ships from San Francisco. Twenty years sea service. One hitch in the Coast Artillery.

J. T. WOODRUFF—Harrison, Nebraska. Home port, San Francisco. Nine and one half years sea service. One hitch in the Navy.



K. W. BERGLUND
C. E. BRIED
G. C. CHRISTOFERSEN
J. K. COULSON
D. R. DADY
E. D. DAMITZ

L. M. DILLON
R. H. DRAKE
E. J. EASTON
W. M. GAGNIER
K. E. GOOD
C. J. HALFORD

E. S. IVERSON
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J. W. RADER
J. M. ROTHCHILD
G. C. RUTHERFORD
F. M. SEE
W. S. SHERMAN
K. SHOSS

W. SLIMAN
L. R. SNYDER
B. H. THOMPSON
S. WALLS
H. C. WILLIAMS
J. T. WOODRUFF



ENGINEERS RECEIVE TECHNICAL LECTURE

Section Two—Engineers...

T. BLODGETT—A country boy who went to sea in 1930 and liked it until he started raising a family—the war brought him back.

J. BRENNAN—Only ambition is to make two consecutive trips on the same ships.

I. BRICE—Ex-navy man back to sea for the duration. Would be very appreciative if his ship always completes a round trip.

B. S. CAMPBELL—Ambition is to get a license so as to bring the boys back from Tokyo, Manila and Australia.

M. CHAPMAN—Ambition is to secure a license and return to sea so as to recover the salt lost while ashore . . . also to keep 'em sailing.

R. B. DENHAM—Wants to see the world . . . port by port through a porthole.

R. DORAN—Just another one in "that" same boat.

R. F. DOBEL—Just let me get back on both feet again!

L. ELIAS—Well, he wants to be a chief engineer. (How unusual.)

B. GINSBERG—I want to help win this war—do my best to make a better world when it's over and raise six little "Ginsies."

R. HARBUT—Let me sail through the duration. By that time I'll be able to buy that home on Long Island.

E. R. HOSFORD—Wants to be chief engineer on a coal burning submarine.

J. JESSON—Just once I'd like to turn-to on a gage with a sledge hammer and not get caught.

O. LYTTLE—I'd be pleased for the duration if I could work one boiler problem and get the right answer.

D. MASON—"Let my acquired knowledge pay lucrative dividends."

M. MACGREGOR—As a pleasant association here at the training station draws to an end, to you all, "wishes for good luck, good health and smooth sailing ahead." Thanks, Mac.

F. McABEER—An avocation becomes a vocation for the duration.

L. McCOWAN—May we all live to see the day when there will be no more "blackouts" aboard ship.

J. McDONALD—I just don't want to do nothing.

N. MONETT—Ambition is to help add a dash to those famous "three little dots," Joe.

A. J. OLSEN—Just wants to keep from "rowing in" again.

J. L. OLSON—Will be dogged glad to get back sailing again.

E. G. PRICE—Philadelphia. Three years at sea. Juts goes to sea to travel.

J. REASER—Would like to see the end of the game called war.

J. SLATEN—Advocates Alaska ships for Seattle Pier 2 sailors.

J. SMITH—Hopes to memorize General Rules and Regulations and Ohms' Law of Electricity.

W. P. WEBSTER—Aspires to work up to stroke oar in the race boat crew.



J. BRENNAN
I. C. BRICE
N. D. CHAPMAN
R. F. DORAN
B. GINSBERG

R. W. HARBUT
R. A. HOSFORD
J. D. JESSEN
O. LYTTLE
J. H. G. MACDONALD

M. MACGREGOR
F. McABEER
L. A. McCOWAN
D. D. MASON
L. A. MONETT

A. J. OLSEN
J. L. OLSON
J. P. REASER
G. SLATEN
W. E. WEBSTER



ALWAYS CHECK FOR INDEX ERROR

Section Three—Deck...

WARREN K. ATKINS—Sea service, three years. Ambition: to be an aeronautical navigator.

RAYMOND BAILEY—Native of San Francisco; has lived among the long hairs of Hollywood for several years. Returning to sea after an absence of ten years.

A. H. BARNETT—Home town, Berkeley, Calif. Hopes to gain by the knowledge secured here.

RONALD G. BAXTER—Home state, Michigan. Six years sea experience.

WILLIAM F. BORDELL—Alameda, Calif.

JACK BREWER—Bandon, Oregon. Nine years seetime. Ambition: to marry some "gal" with lots of money.

CLYDE CAMPBELL—San Pedro, Calif. One hitch in the Army and three and a half at sea. Ambitious to retire as bosun after thirty years sea service.

WILLIAM F. CANDRIAN—Mill Valley, Calif. Aims to be part of a great U. S. merchant marine, now and after the war.

FRED COTTLE—Seattle, Wash. Eight years sea service; one in the Coast Guard.

WILLIAM M. CUNNINGHAM—Youngstown, Ohio. Hopes to own a Gloucester schooner and help wash the Japs down the scuppers.

HENRY L. DOVE—San Francisco. Hopes to see Moscow stand forever.

ELLIS R. ENGBERG—Seattle, Washington. Has spent five of his 27 years on the bounding main.

DALLAS L. FLUITT—Los Angeles. Served a hitch in the Navy and hopes to be a skipper some day.

FRANK X. GANNON—San Francisco. Four years sea service. Ambition: to be captain of a steam-schooner and compete with the "Matson Navy."

RICHARD P. GOLDEN—Seattle. Has six years sea service and wants to be both an aerial navigator and an Alaska pilot.

WILLIAM A. GLOCK—Minneapolis, Minnesota. Four years seetime. Motto: He who has nothing has nothing to lose.

ROBERT E. GRAFF—California. Hopes some day to own and operate a tuna clipper.

CHARLES J. HARRIS—San Francisco. After five years sea service his one ambition is to do another hitch at Government Island.

SAM A. HARTWIG—Portland, Ore. Has been going to sea 13 years and hopes to operate his own deepwater fishing vessel after the war.

E. R. HASKINS—Duluth, Minn. Fourteen years at sea. Ambition: to retire and raise chickens on a ranch by the sea.

M. D. LILLIAN—New Orleans, Louisiana. Fifteen years seetime.

WILLARD R. MARTIN—Oakland, Calif. Hopes to be skipper of the biggest, fastest, streamlined-est ship afloat.

J. McCORMICK—San Francisco, Calif. Sea service, ten years. Has the ambition to be as good an all around seaman, officer, and gentleman as Mr. Ford.

HOWARD J. MITCHELL—Oakland, Calif. Three years sea service. Hopes to be a master mariner and a first class pilot.

JOSEPH A. MAGLIA—San Francisco. Sea service five years. Ambition to be a fair navigator.

ROBERT W. NYGAARD—San Francisco. Seven years seetime. Ambition: to let nature take its course.

PATRICK C. OLSON—San Francisco. Ambition: to be a good navigator.

CLIFFORD M. PEDERSON—San Francisco. Sails on Matson and Grace lines. Has hopes of being a smart sailor and an ambition to make a sailing cruise of the South Seas.

C. C. PIERCE—Sacramento, Calif. Four years in the Navy. Ambition: To tour the South Seas in a sail boat.

BYRAN B. READY—Nebraska. Seetime, five years.

RUSSELL W. RICE—Portland, Oregon. Fourteen years seetime.

TONY J. STITH—Missouri. Sea service, five years. One hitch in the Navy. Ambition: to retire young.

F. C. SWAIN—Berkeley, Calif. Sea service two years. Ambition: to be Port Captain in Kansas City.

WILLIAM L. WARING—Pittsburg, Kansas. Sea service 12 years. Ambition: to be at the roll call in Tokyo.



W. H. ATKINS
R. T. BAILEY
F. E. BALZER
A. H. BARNETT
R. G. BAXTER
W. F. BORDWELL

J. BREUER
P. C. CAMPBELL
W. F. CANDRIAN
F. C. COTTLE
W. M. CUNNINGHAM
H. L. DOVE

E. R. ENGBERG
D. L. FLUITT
F. X. P. GANNON
W. A. GLOCK
R. P. GOLDEN
R. E. GRAFF

C. J. HARRIS
S. A. HARTWIG
E. R. HASKINS
W. W. JOHNSON
M. D. LILLIAN
J. J. McCORMICK

J. J. MARKOVICH
W. R. MARTIN
H. J. MITCHELL
J. A. MOGLIA
R. W. NYGAARD
P. C. OLSON

C. W. PEDERSEN
C. C. PIERCE
B. B. READY
R. W. RICE
T. J. STITH
F. E. SWAIN



BURNING HIS WAY TO AN ENGINEER'S LICENSE

Section Three—Engineers...

E. J. ALLARS—Sorry, E.J., we couldn't obtain any information on you.

A. J. AYLWARD—Los Angeles, Calif. Seven years in the ships. Would kinda like to marry a widow . . . rich one, but old.

V. W. BIMROSE—Oakland, Calif. Five years at sea. Hopes to become an architectural designer.

ROB CARLISLE—Maywood, Calif. Wants to be a chief engineer on a square rigger.

J. L. COOK—You sure are a silent man.

K. W. CHUN—San Francisco, Calif. Six years sea service. Anticipates a brilliant career as skipper on a junk on the Whangpoo River.

J. V. DEASY—

J. M. DAVIDSON—Los Angeles, Calif. Ex-Navy. One cruise.

L. GENNUSA—Houston, Texas. Six years at sea and still doesn't like it.

J. J. GILMORE—Los Angeles, Calif. Six years eventful cruising. Hopes to keep on dodging shells and sail the seas again in peace.

D. HART—Dallas, Texas. Ex-Navy chief. Has chosen the Merchant Marine for World War II.

O. W. KLINE—

E. W. KINGSLAND—Long Beach, Calif. A. MacARTHUR—Seattle, Wash. "I'm going to retire to a ranch up on the Sound."

J. B. MANSON—San Pedro, Calif. Six years at sea. Army veteran of World War I.

H. McDOWELL—Houston, Texas. Twelve years at sea.

G. R. McVICAR—

D. E. MORRISON—Boston, Mass. Followed the sea for seven years.

A. L. OVERMAN—Houston, Texas. Eighteen years afloat. Thinks it's about time he owned himself a hard drink emporium.

T. R. PAYNE—Houston, Texas. Ex-Navy man. Hopes to be as good an engineer as Dr. Ohms.

H. F. PENOR—Seattle, Wash. After seven years shipping has decided that the Harbor inner island ferry would be a good billet.

A. E. PERSSON—San Pedro, Calif. Only wish is to make ports where they have herring and serve spuds with the jackets on.

O. T. PETERSOHN—

R. A. PORTER—Seattle, Wash. Two years sea service. "This has been a wonderful experience—it shouldn't happen to a dog."

C. B. PRETIOUS—'Frisco sailor. Been at it for six years. Wants to get back aboard a tanker loaded with a hundred thousand barrels of hi-test gas aboard. "There just ain't nothing to worry about ashore."

C. A. ROBINSON—Los Angeles, Calif. After a cruise in the Navy I'm now going to try my hand on a rust-pot.

W. A. STENZIL—Mobile, Ala. Five years sea service.

J. W. STILLWELL—Portland, Ore. Twelve pleasant years in ships.

T. M. TROSCLAIR—Morreso, La. Five years seafarin' on every type of vessel.

F. G. S. WEBSTER—San Diego, Calif. Five years sea service. Well, F.G., you are the last man in your section—your gang didn't submit much dope. If your spare time was devoted to studying—I guess nothing's more important than those books.—Ed.



E. J. ALLARS
A. J. AYLWARD
V. W. BIMROSE
W. R. BRADLEY
R. CARLISLE
K. W. CHUN

J. N. DAVIDSON
J. V. DEASY
L. GENNUSA
J. J. GILMORE
D. HART
E. W. KINGLAND

A. MACARTHUR
H. McDOWELL
G. R. McVICAR
J. B. MANSON
D. E. MORRISON

A. L. OVERMAN
T. R. PAYNE
H. F. PENOR
A. E. PERSSON
R. A. PORTER
C. B. PRETIOUS

E. G. PRICE
C. A. ROBINSON
W. A. STENZEL
J. W. STILLWELL
L. N. TROSCLAIR
F. G. S. WEBSTER



A PLOT—BUT NOT A CONSPIRACY

Section Four—Deck...

WILLIAM J. ACCURSO—Vallejo, Calif. Four years between U. S. and the Far East. Quartermaster and a good one.

B. J. "SNATCHBLOCK" BAUM—Born, Illinois; voted, New York; prefers Mississippi. Six years on a glamorous assortment of freighters, tankers, army transports and passenger liners. Flying fish sailor.

CHARLES H. BENNETT—Los Angeles, Calif. Ten years diligent service on merchant vessels. Goal: a successful career among men who go down to the sea in ships.

A. F. (HOGAN) BERGMAN—Syracuse, N.Y. Ex-Navy "bunting tosser." Served on Yangtse River patrol and Asiatic Submarine Squadron.

KNUT BORG—Sundsvaál, Sweden—Fifteen years a real sailor. He hasn't missed any foreign ports.

MICHAEL F. BUCKHOFF—Albany, N. Y. Sea going for five years. Ex-aviation mechanic in cruiser scouting force.

C. ERNEST BURRIS—Tacoma, Wash. Six years in the Navy. Former signalman. "Someday I'll circumnavigate the globe in my own thirty-foot ketch."

HOBSON BRUMFIELD—Tylertown, Miss. Honorably discharged from the Army and Navy. "Just let me roam."

B. C. "LARRY" CANNON—San Pedro, Calif. During the last seven years has served on many ships; was lighthouse tender at Point Monterá, L. H..

RALPH CHAPMAN—New York City. Three years sea duty. Lived in South America and Panama. Interpreter for export company.

IRVIE CHASE—Long Beach, Calif. Twenty-nine years sea service. Former chief radio-man and electrician, U. S. Navy.

ROBERT E. COLE—Long Beach, Calif. Quiet, serious, eager. For whom the pitfalls of celo-navigation have no terrors.

EARL ANTHONY CONDON—Los Angeles. Lieut. (J.G.) C.S.N.G. After the war he hopes to anchor in Rio with this Mañequita.

CHARLES M. CROOKS—Beaumont, Tex. Six years at sea. Repeatedly made the Far Eastern run. Two years in the "salt shaker" service. A beachcomber adrift in Singapore.

NICHOLAS DEREVAN—Jamaica, Long Island. Seven years afloat. Honorably discharged from Coast Artillery, U. S. Army.

ALFRED DORENWENDT—Stockton, Calif. Five years on American ships. Was coxswain of the Skipper's gig on board the U.S.S. Memphis.

PHILIP W. DICKSON—Los Angeles, Calif. Two years at sea. Several trips to Australia.

RAYMOND ERICKSON—San Pedro, Calif. Four years a sailor. As a youngster he was "the sharpest newsboy in Pedro." "Mom and Sis will be proud of me now."

HENRY FERRARI—San Pedro, Calif. Five years a bos'n. "When the war is over, I want a 120-foot schooner with an exclusive franchise to trade in the South Seas."

ELWYN "TONY" FISH—Eddyville, Ore. Thirteen years sea service. Midway Island pioneer.

JACK GAUNT—Alameda, Calif. Two years on ships. Maybe a supercargo. "I'd like to see my new son develop into a master mariner."

JOHN M. HALL—Chicago, Illinois. Seven years at sea. From the U. S. Navy and Coast Guard to the Bridge of a "Liberty" ship.

JACK HARDY—Veteran World War I. American Legionnaire. Ex-newspaperman.

ROBERT HARPER—England, Ark. Eight years seetime. Sailed with the Coast and Geodetic Survey fleet.

GENE HENDERSHOTT—Brooklyn. After 15 years on deck, to command the first transport entering Kobe with the American Army of Occupation is his goal.

EDWARD "DEACON" HILL—Bismark, N. Dakota. The Deacon has spent nearly five years at sea. He says, "There's only one solution: the total elimination of the forces perilling our existence."

A. N. HOYT—Duluth, Minn. Three years at sea. Leatherneck, World War I. Ambition: "First things first—to be a good third mate. The rest will follow."

FRANK G. HUNT—San Francisco, Calif. Five years sea service. "I won't discuss my future; it's a military secret."

ELMER JOHNSON—Los Angeles, Calif. Sixteen years seetime. Sailed square riggers from B.A. to Baltic ports.

G. FREDERIC KALZ—Detroit, Michigan. Seven years afloat. After he retires, Kalz intends to set out in a small ship for some distant port where seafaring men have never ventured.

GRAYDON M. KELLER—New Haven, Conn. Four years deep water. U.S.N. World War I.

H. STEPHEN KUHLMANN—Minneapolis, Minn. Five years seetime. Five cruises around the world.

ARTHUR J. McLAUGHLIN, JR.—Omaha, Nebraska. Ex-Navy. Five years seafarin'. Ambition: to cut the mustard as a good mate; marry Her Highness.



W. J. ACCURSO
B. J. BAUM
C. H. BENNETT
A. P. BERGMAN
E. A. BORG

H. W. BRUMFIELD
M. F. BUCKHOFF
C. E. BURRIS
B. C. CANNON
R. M. CHAPMAN
I. E. CHASE

R. E. COLE
E. A. CONDON
C. M. CROOKS
N. DEREVAN
P. W. DICKSON

A. DORENWENDT
R. M. ERICKSON
H. E. FERRARI
E. L. FISH
J. C. GAUNT
J. W. HALL

J. C. HARDY
R. M. HARPER
E. J. HENDERSCHOTT
E. J. HILL
A. N. HOYT

F. G. HUNT
E. V. JOHNSON
G. F. KALZ
G. N. KELLER
H. S. KUHLMANN
A. J. McLAUGHLIN



DIESEL OVERHALL UNDER INSTRUCTOR'S WATCHFUL EYE

Section Four—Engineers...

CHESTER C. SCHAFER—Marshfield, Oregon. Heading back to the salt water. Ambition: to be a chief engineer on a round-the-world trip, and, if possible, with a beautiful blonde.

CARL T. SCHWARZKOPF—San Francisco, Calif. U. S. Navy, 1917-19; Merchant Marine, 1919-21. Heading back to sea. Hobby: trout fishing fanatic.

WALTER SEDAM—Seattle, Washington. Going to sea for the past ten years. May be a chief engineer in the next ten.

ALWYN C. SMITH—Houston, Texas. Started to sea on Labor Day, 1940. Heading back to the tankers, damn it.

MILTON C. SNIPPEN—Started to sea September, 1934, out of Puget Sound. Born in North Dakota. No ambitions as yet.

ELBERT L. SOUTH—Three years sea time. Saw action in the Far East. From the Deep South. Going into the Navy ("I hope") but would rather go back to Texas.

RAYMOND D. SPERRY—From California. Eight years in the U. S. Navy. May return to the U.S.S. Birmingham City. "I like to wear a uniform at all times."

KENNETH T. SPRAGUE—From Winnipeg, Canada, via State of Washington. Seetime, fourteen years—and shipping out. Personal characteristics: lazy at times, especially when spring comes around.

GEORGE BARON—Mobile, Alabama. Seetime, five years. Biggest ambition: to quit going to sea and remain a nonentity.

OTTO W. HARDT—Going to sea since 1923 and covered nearly all of this globe. Likes Texas best, where married last March. "If I survive this war will settle down ashore and get a little place in the country."

FRED W. HOOPER—From: get this—Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Two and a half years seetime. Ambition: to be a good engineer.

FRANK KWIATKOWSKI—Baltimore, Md. Lost track of the number of years going to sea. Ambition: to marry a widow that owns a chicken farm. Heading back to sea from here.

CARL D. LETHERER—Hails from California. 1917-19, 112th Air Squadron. 1920-23, Coast Guard Cutter *Bear*. Grabbing the first tub clearing the Golden Gate.

DANIEL J. LYNCH—From California. Four years seetime. After leaving school going on a short bender, and, heigh ho! back to sea once more.

LAWRENCE V. OLSON—From New York State. Ex-Navy machinist mate first class. Plans to ship "down under" to "Aussieland." After war is won settle down on a ranch.

GUS RANCH—San Francisco, Calif. Seven years seetime. From hither and thither and heading back to sea. Interested in butter and eggs.

W. E. SPURLOCH—Five years seetime. Going to sea until the war is over and then settle down as far away from the sea as possible.

BRUCE A. STAPLETON—Ex-U. S. Navy. Born at Helena, Montana. Age: 24. After school? To sea somewhere, *quien sabe?*

JOEL C. STOKES—Home port, Galveston, Texas. Hope: to talk about the war after it has been won. Ambition: to be "Home on the Range." Been sailing for the past nine years.

H. D. STEVENS—Fourteen years seetime. Six years Navy. Home town, Aberdeen, Washington. Applying for commission in the Naval Reserve. Shipping out after short vacation. Active member MFOV; intend to transfer to the MEBA in San Francisco.

JOHN H. TETER—Seattle, Washington. Shipping since 1934. "Heading back to where I came from—the sea."

ALEX S. TRESKIN—From the 49th state, Hawaii. Seetime, seven years on rustpots. Biggest ambition: to sail on a ship built since 1920 and see Fascism smashed in 1942 with a Western Front.

RICHARD W. TURNBULL—From the sunshine State of California. Sailing six years on tankers. Going back to the tankers to help keep the boys flying on whatever front they are on or may be on.

EUGENE F. WEST—From the Lone Star State of Texas. Age, 36. Seetime, four years. Ambition: Chief, under the Stars and Stripes, on a round-the-world sight-seeing tour.

WILLIAM P. WEBSTER—From Louisiana. One year in the Army and three years at sea. Steaming out of here "full speed ahead" to sea and ducking torpedoes once more. Shipwrecked twice but still going.

JOHN E. VISCOVICH—From California. Three years seetime. Shipping out on an Army transport. Out to win the war and get back to normal life.



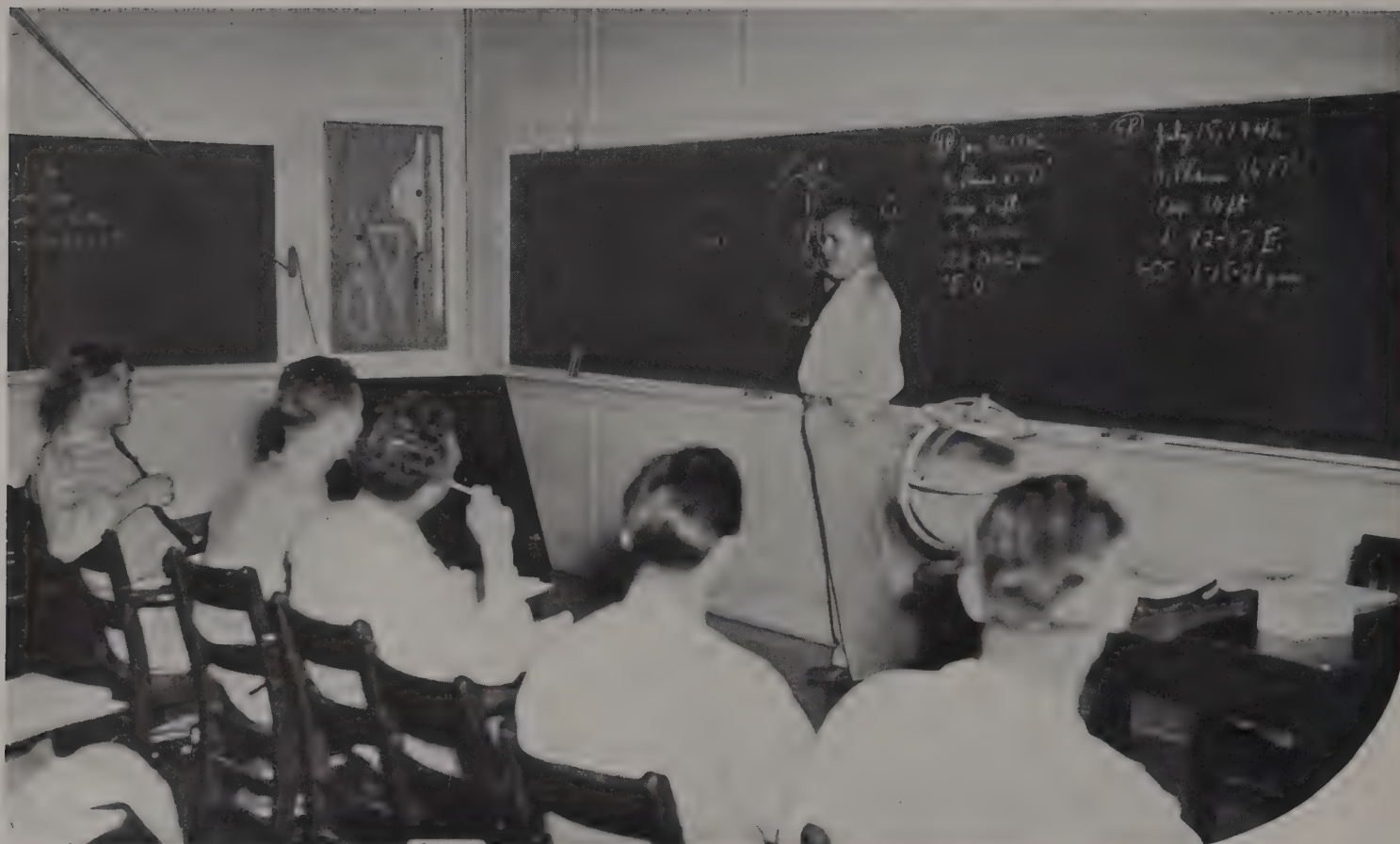
G. G. BARON
T. W. BLODGETT
HARDT
F. W. HOOPER
F. KWATROWSKI

C. B. IETHERER
D. J. LYNCH
L. V. OLSON
G. RANCH
C. C. SCHAFER

C. T. SCHWARZKOPF
W. B. SEDAM
A. C. SMITH
M. C. SNIPPEN
E. L. SOUTH
J. C. STOKES

K. T. SPRAGUE
E. W. SPURLOCK
B. A. STAPLETON
H. D. STEVENS
W. E. WEBSTER

J. H. TETER
A. S. TRESKIN
R. W. TURNBULL
J. E. VISOVICH
E. F. WEST



THE CHAMBER OF MATHEMATICAL HORRORS

Section Five-Deck...

CARLOS D. CANTUA—San Anselmo, Calif. Attended Marin J.C. prior to enrollment.

S. T. CLARK—Galveston, Texas. Has been a sailor, a marine, happy-go-lucky adventurer. Former Police Chief of Jinotega, Nicaragua. Wants to be an arm-chair Admiral.

CHARLES HANSEN—New York, N. Y. Just a rolling stone. Will be contended if he can just keep on rolling.

GORDON LEAKE—San Francisco, Calif. Six years in the merchant service. Wants to bring steam schooners back into prominence on the coast.

L. R. LEBEL—A native son from Burbank. The man that's known as 'Lou.' He has two sons in the Navy.

GERALD L'HEUREUX—Native Coloradan—moved west to miss the drought. Hopes to be a Puget Sound stump rancher.

G. H. LEONARD—Oakland, Calif. Ex-Coast Guard quartermaster. Would like to be licensed to navigate any craft afloat.

HARRY LOY—Born, Indian Territory. Fifteen years in the merchant fleet. Sailed to the finest ports on the globe.

CHAD McNATT—Los Angeles, Calif. Ex-cowhand from the Rio Grande. Discharged from Army and Navy.

LLOYD J. MALAND—San Pedro, Calif. Three years at sea. The Adonis of the section. Wants to be port pilot in Los Angeles harbor.

A. M. MATLOCK—San Francisco, Calif. Content to be a third mate.

J. M. MAUPIN—Glendale, Calif. Known as "Uncle John." Hopes that he doesn't faint when he stands his first watch on the bridge. Ex-Annapolis man.

A. J. METCALFE—Berlin, Germany. Professional artist. Addicted to salt water and sarcasm. Says "peace is just around the corner, but only Ben Turpin can see it."

J. T. MILLER—Grays Harbor, Wash. Alternately an O.S., a J.C. student, A.B., salesman, yacht and tow boat captain.

T. QUINN (In the Turret) MITCHELL—Up from Texas. Eye-Witness to the bombings at Shanghai and Swatow and Yangtse ports.

T. S. MULLIKIN—Born in Kansas. Served four years in the Navy; shipped as a merchant sailor in '38.

TED NOSEK—Cleveland, Ohio. Worked oil tankers since '40. He says, "I'll sail the seas until . . . and then some."

HERBERT G. NORRIS—San Francisco, Calif. We know you've been going to sea for six years. However, we couldn't decode the rest of the message that you submitted.

D. D. OWEN—Honolulu, T. H. Six years sailing. Wants a master's license—then into the Maritime Commission to train air sailors for Kaiser's and Higgin's "flying freighters."

R. V. OWEN—Los Angeles, Calif. Schooled Manual Arts. Served with Navy on South China patrol and Yangtse River.

JACK PIERCE—A refreshing breath of the deep South. Born with an inherent love of the briny deep.

J. J. REGAN—Long Beach, Calif. "I've been going to sea since '35. I'm going to quit after the war . . . or maybe before it ends. Who knows?"

F. DON REINIER—Adventurer, fisherman, soldier of fortune. Hail fellow. Well met.

ROBERT L. RENOUD—Pearl, Illinois. Started roaming at the age of 15. Now at 30 he is ready to but can't . . . damn the Japs.

EDWARD M. SKANTA—Thirty-three. Native New Yorker, now from Long Beach. Served a cruise as a deck hand in the Navy.

T. A. SMITH—Danville, Va. Ex-Navy. Two years Geodetic Survey. Helped survey over 10,000 miles in the South Seas.

ROBERT TABER—The kid from Berkeley. Shipped for the first time as an Ordinary Seaman when he was 19. Through the Canal to Baltimore.

LARRY B. TACKABERY—Spokane, Wash. Four years in the Navy. Two in the merchant marine.

LES K. TONGISH—Denver, Colo. Three years a soldier. Eight years in the Navy. He says, "respect the other fellow's opinion."

N. C. VALENTINE—Native of the Hoosier state. Schooled in Scotland-Canada-U.S.A. He's sailed the seas for fifteen years.

PAUL S. WEINBERGER—Alameda, Calif. Six feet, nine inches high. Almost five years seafaring. Plenty of flying time to his credit.

ROBERT B. WHATLEY—San Francisco, Calif. Eight years with Minecraft Battle Force.

W. A. WIESNER—The fair-haired boy with the ready smile who is inclined to go from one extreme to the other.

EMIL L. WIGH—Texas. Going to sea for 20 years. "I'll do my best to keep them sailing."

ROBERT J. WRIGHT—San Pedro, Calif. The fellow who feels most comfortable in a hickory shirt and dungarees without the high-pressure.



C. D. CANTUA
S. T. CLARK
C. HANSEN
C. M. LEAKE
L. R. LEBEL
G. L'HEUREUX

G. R. LEONARD
H. T. LOY
C. McNATT
L. J. MALAND
A. MATLOCK
J. M. MAUPIN

A. J. METCALFE
J. T. MILLER
T. Q. MITCHELL
T. S. MULLIKEN
H. C. NORRIS
T. NOSEK

D. D. OWEN
R. V. OWEN
J. H. PEIRCE
J. J. REGAN
F. I. REINER
R. I. RENAUD

H. E. ROEHL
E. SKANTA
T. A. SMITH
R. E. TABER
L. B. TACKABERRY
L. K. TONGISH

N. C. VALENTINE
P. S. WEINBURGER
R. B. WHATLEY
W. A. WIESNER
E. L. WIGH
J. R. WRIGHT



ZOOT SUITS







CLARK, A. OLSON, LEWIS, DIXON, CARLISLE, EASTON

The Torpedo Club...

Pictured above are several classmates who have lost their ships. Some of them once . . . others twice . . . one of them a three-time loser. They know what it means to be attacked by a ruthless enemy—by the invisible undersea serpent of the Axis!

They come from the tankers on the East Coast. From the steam schooners and freighters of the Pacific . . . from the Red Sea. They have survived attacks in the Coral Sea . . . the Bay of Bengal . . . the Malayan Straits . . . the ice-bound ports of Greenland. They have ridden lease-lend cargo to every United Nations port when the necessity called.

These men have risked their lives . . . repeatedly taken that long-shot chance aboard gasoline tankers, which when struck offer an unpleasant funeral pyre; ammunition ships—yes, they ride them, too. And when an ammunition ship gets hit, the only thing that remains is an echo.

These men are typical of the carefree, happy-go-lucky, determined men that man the ships of the American Merchant Marine

Those pictured were fortunate enough and skilful enough to survive. Soon they leave school to return to the seas to strike back at the proffered system of slavery, bloodshed and suffering outlined by the ism's . . . Fascism and Nazism.

Without uniforms . . . without medals and without the cheering encouragement of public acclaim, the American merchant seamen stubbornly and courageously strive to "Keep 'em Sailing." Every trip they gamble with two lives . . . one their own . . . the other the "Life of Democracy."

Our Torpedo Club members are going back to sea. They are going back voluntarily. . . . Merchant sailors always go back. They are going back to carry on the fight for freedom. The Sailors of the Merchant Marine—both the living and dead—have earned the recognition of "heroes." They have passed on to you and me, as Merchant Mariners, the supreme duty of seeing that they have not suffered in vain.

DONALD MCGEE.



FREDERICK J. DWIGHT, C.B.M., U.S.C.G. (Inset)—ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

The Change of Life

CONDON/
CROOKS

With groping fingers the "Old Man" probed through an accumulation of gear in the bottom of his locker and came up with a box half full of cigars. For the life of him he couldn't remember which particular Christmas the cigars symbolized, however, he stuck one in his mouth and continued his search. Parting between his teeth, the cigar emitted a tiny explosion and a cloud of gagging dust. So great was the Skipper's preoccupation that he neglected to curse in his usual lurid fashion. He merely hurled the offending cigar at the nearest bulkhead and resumed his investigation of the locker's depths.

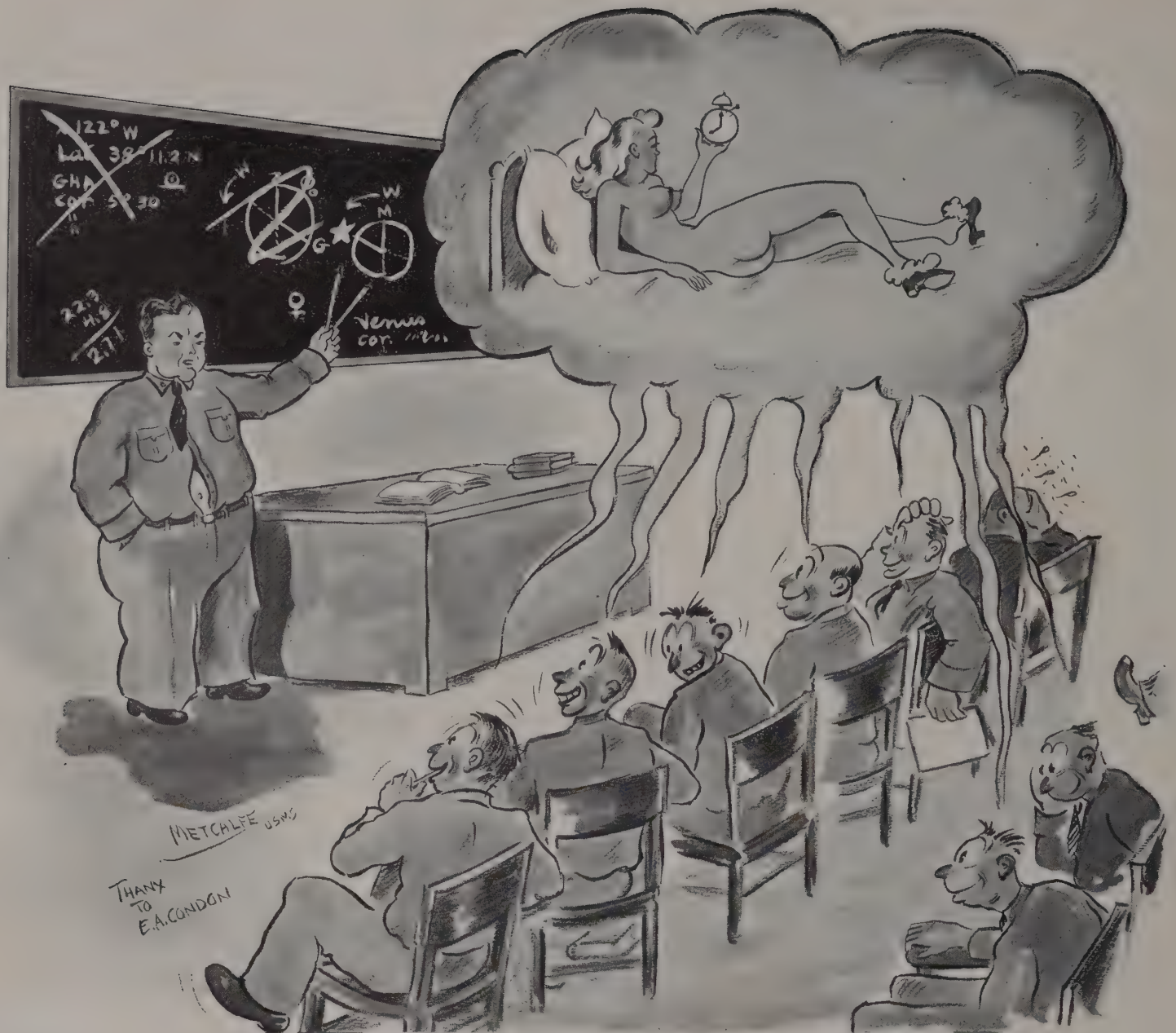
For twenty years he had skippered the *Daisy M* with moderate success. During that twenty years nothing had happened to alter the monotonous routine of shuttling between Port Angeles and San Pedro. Aimlessly he wondered how many million sticks that made. Now it was over—life would be different—for the Skipper, for the *Daisy M* and all her people. A crumpled telegram on the Old Man's desk bore mute testimony to that. After twenty years he was ordered off-shore . . . to proceed to a distant island and discharge the cargo under which the *Daisy M* and her old gear groaned in agony.

Finally, from the bottom of the locker, his gnarled fingers withdrew a battered mahogany case. Opening the box, a colony of fat moths fluttered into the room, the odor of musty velour assailed the Old Man's nostrils, and he lifted an antiquated instrument from its resting place. Like the ship's bell, hard by the Administration Building on Government Island, the sextant was green with tradition. An experimental shift of the limb assured the Skipper that at least a few minor adjustments were in order. Squinting into the mirror and down the limb, a certain break of curvature reminded the Old Man of a girl he had known in Seattle. An angular dame, but good . . . she had married a winch driver . . . the Old Man dashed a tear from his eye.

To adjust the glass he felt his pockets for his knife, then remembering that all the blades were broken except the bottle-opener, he applied a horny thumb nail to the adjusting screws. The nail broke. The Skipper uttered a volatile oath, chucked the sextant on his bunk and stalked out to watch the loading operations on the deck below.



Outside it was rapidly growing dark. A mountain of heavily



"Gentlemen, assuming that we have Venus at 8 P. M. . . ."

crated machinery burdoned the deck. A still greater mountain loomed in the shadows of the dock. The Mate bawled hoarse orders to a half dozen men who sweated under dim cargo lights. Winches rattled and squealed—booms buckled and sagged as they swung the dangling cargo from dock to deck.

Nursing a dead cigar, a man with a panama hat stood on the dock stringer and eyed the ship's disappearing plimsol mark with grave distrust. He was the insurance agent. So, when a particularly heavy lift settled to the deck, he waved an excited hand and called to the Skipper, "That's all she'll take, Captain!"

"O.K.," the Old Man replied, easily, "that's the last one. Put on the hogging chains, Mr. Mate."

With a wave of his hand the insurance man slipped into his car, kicked the starter and raced down the pier into the night.

"Mate!" roared the Old Man to his startled first officer,

"drop them damned chains and get the rest of that damned cargo aboard here. Lively now, Mister!"



As far as the eye could reach the flat vastness of the Pacific was unmarred save for long glassy hummocks that marked the ground swell marching out of the northwest. Brassily the sun climbed toward the meridian through a cloudless sky. A lone porpoise whipped down on the blunt bows of the *Daisy M*, but finding her company much too slow, sped away to southward with a snort of disgust. The Mate, on the wing of the bridge, squinted at the sun, and at his dollar watch in turn, while he applied steel wool vigorously to the corroded arc of his sextant.

"Clean her up, Mister," the Skipper remarked stepping from the wheel house. "I guess I'll have one of the sailors turn to on mine with a chipping hammer, it's so fouled up."

Inside the pilot house a sailor hung limply over the wheel

watching the sluggish rise and fall of the sea through a narrow valley in the deck load. From the chart room, the second officer darted a furtive glance at the Old Man on the bridge. Then, lifting a key from a nail in the bulkhead he hastily wound the chronometer—lifted the box—shook it energetically—held it to his ear to assure himself it was under way, then set it—employing the time as expressed by a nickle-plated watch moored to his belt with a length of white line.

Mounting to the bridge, the third mate, who had lived a great many years without acquiring any outstanding traits of personality, immediately engrossed himself in the reflected image of the sun as he jockeyed it down to the distant horizon.

Propping his watch against the canvas dodger, the first officer bent an eye to the telescope of his instrument—the second ambled out of the house and did likewise—then, squinting and grimacing largely, the Old Man turned his attention to the noonday sight. At that crucial moment a dense cloud of sulphurous smoke vomited out of the funnel to envelope the

bridge and the multiple operations under way. "Damn those engineers!" the Old Man bellowed, "six days out and we haven't got a decent sight yet! Did you get anything, Mister?"

"Yah, I got something, maybe pretty good."

"Well, we'll have to work them out," and the Skipper led the procession into the house. Taking a last squint through the reading glass, he laid the sextant aside and attacked a pad of paper with a stubby pencil. Following the Old Man's lead, the others fell to constructing lopsided diagrams—thumbing the pages of a dog-eared Bowditch—setting down and erasing numerous figures. Crumpling a sheet of paper the Old Man cast it on the deck. The Second had already contributed one false start to the deck and another quickly followed it.

Some minutes later the deck was littered with torn paper, crushed and discarded attempts to solve the meridian altitude. Selecting a fresh sheet and mumbling under his breath, the Old Man began anew. Chewing on the point of his pencil, the Mate studied the cabalistic symbols before him for a long moment. He



"They all got a different answer."

then turned a suspicious eye upon the sextant at his elbow as if he expected it to make some statement in its own defense. The second officer had long since given up, leaning over the bridge rail with unseeing eyes directed to the far horizon, he was peacefully crooning himself to sleep.

"Did you get anything like this?" The Old Man thrust a sheet of paper under the Mate's nose. "Noo, not exactly," the officer replied after some deliberation. "I put her about a degree and a half more north."

"Well, she's somewhere right around here." With his palm the Skipper outlined a large circle on the center of the chart. Being a small scale sheet, the area thus described included the Marshalls, Fanning, Samoa, and barely missed the Aleutian Archipelago. Tossing his pencil on the table, the Skipper surveyed the littered deck and growled, "To Hell with this navigation; let's go eat!"



And so it went—day after day as the *Daisy M* breasted the constantly marching ground swells. Once a big ship passed in the night and the Second haltingly blinked out a message of inquiry. But the looming shape faded in the darkness without an answering flash. Until there came a night when the lookout bawled, "Light ahead!" It was indeed a milestone in the path of the voyage.

After several minutes constant scrutiny of the chart, the Old Man gave orders to break out the lead. There was plenty of water so the *Daisy M* plowed on until she picked up a buoy. There seemed to be a sort of channel so the Skipper kept his own lookout and his own council, growling from time to time to, "pull her out a little." He was still there at dawn when an angular mountain dissolved out of the clouds and darkness.

"Well, I'll be damned," were the words of the Master, spoken in awe and astonishment rather than disappointment or chagrin. Clear and sharp it was in the growing light, so that anyone might have recognized it from a picture post card, or a tourist guide, or a third grade geography. "Well, I'll be damned," the Old Man repeated, "Diamond Head!"

While the *Daisy M* was waddling around the outer buoy, preparatory to going in, a launch came alongside with the usual boarding party. With the medical, agricultural and customs officials, aboard to perform their various duties, came a perspiring little man who represented the owners of the *Daisy M*. It was he who led the delegation to the Skipper's quarters.

"Captain," beamed the little man stepping over the water-board. One hand extended in greeting, the other mopping his brow, he went on, "Captain, on behalf of the company, let me congratulate you on a splendid passage."

There was a dull light in the Old Man's eyes as he raised them from his desk. A pencil halted en route to be moistened in his slack mouth. The small scale chart from the bridge lay on his bunk—scraps of paper bearing familiar symbols littered the deck.

"What did you say?" the Skipper inquired of his caller.

"Let me congratulate you . . ."

"Congratulate, Hell!" roared the Old Man. "Get out! I'm still trying to figure how we got here."

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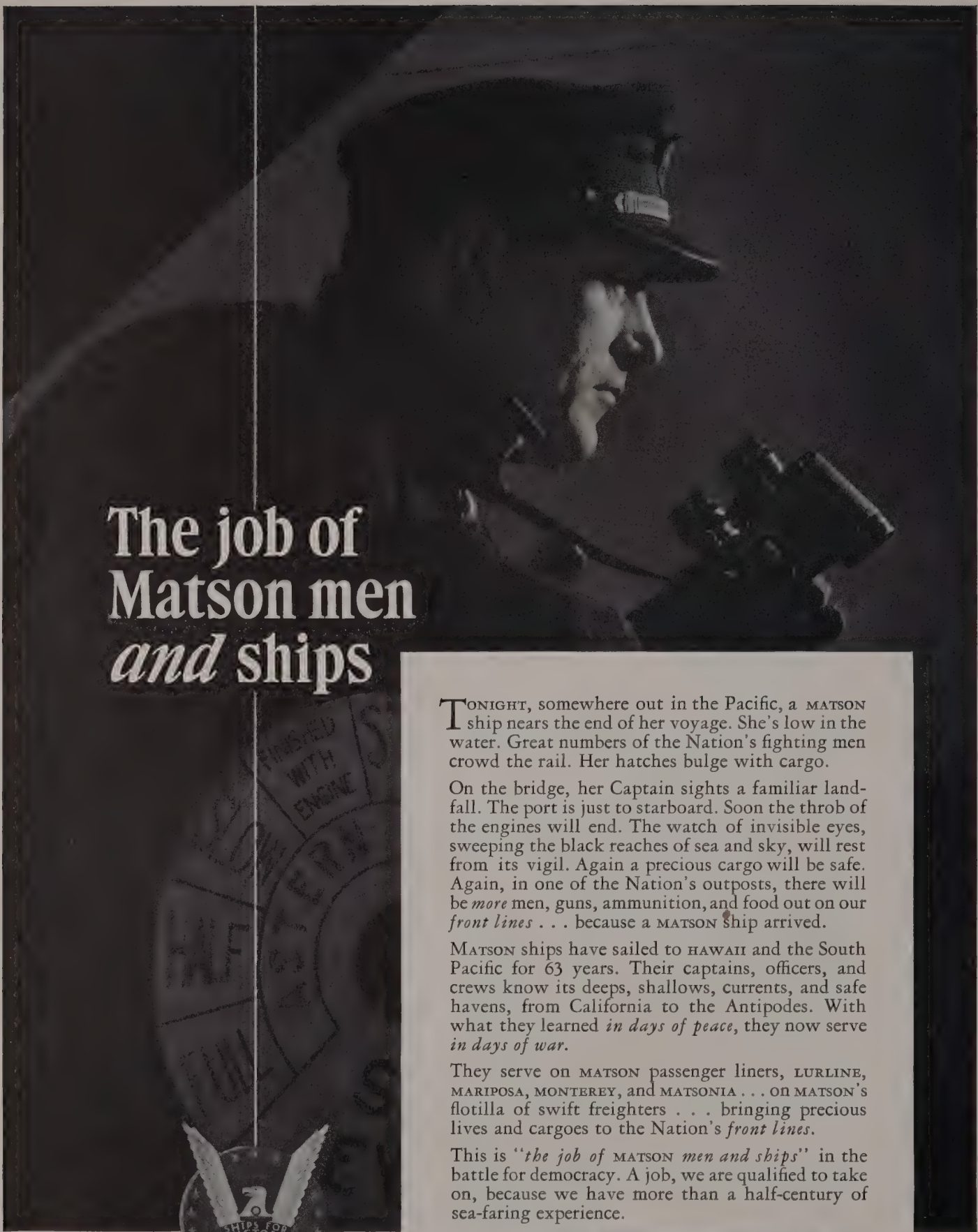
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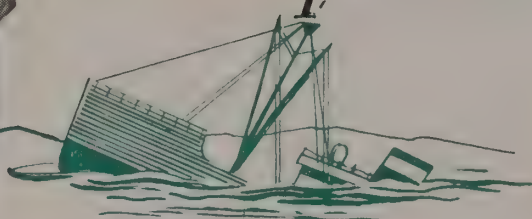
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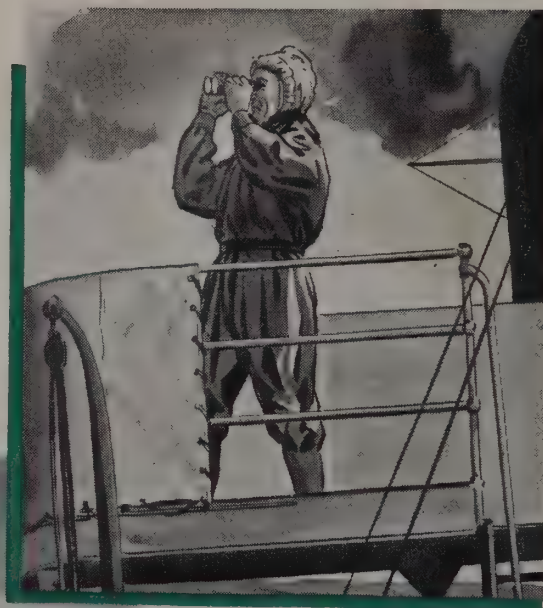


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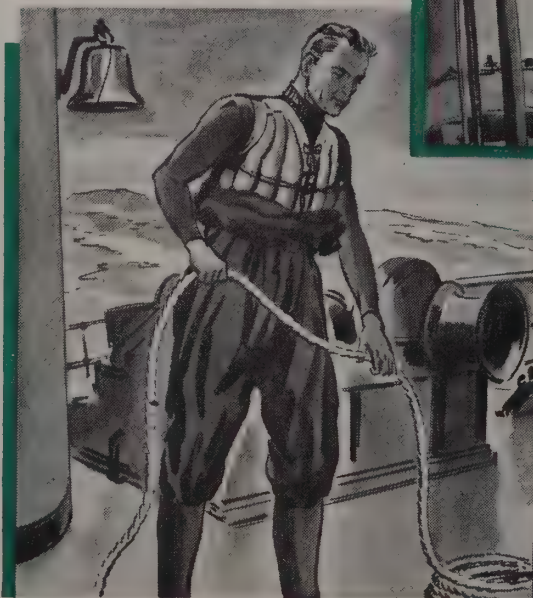


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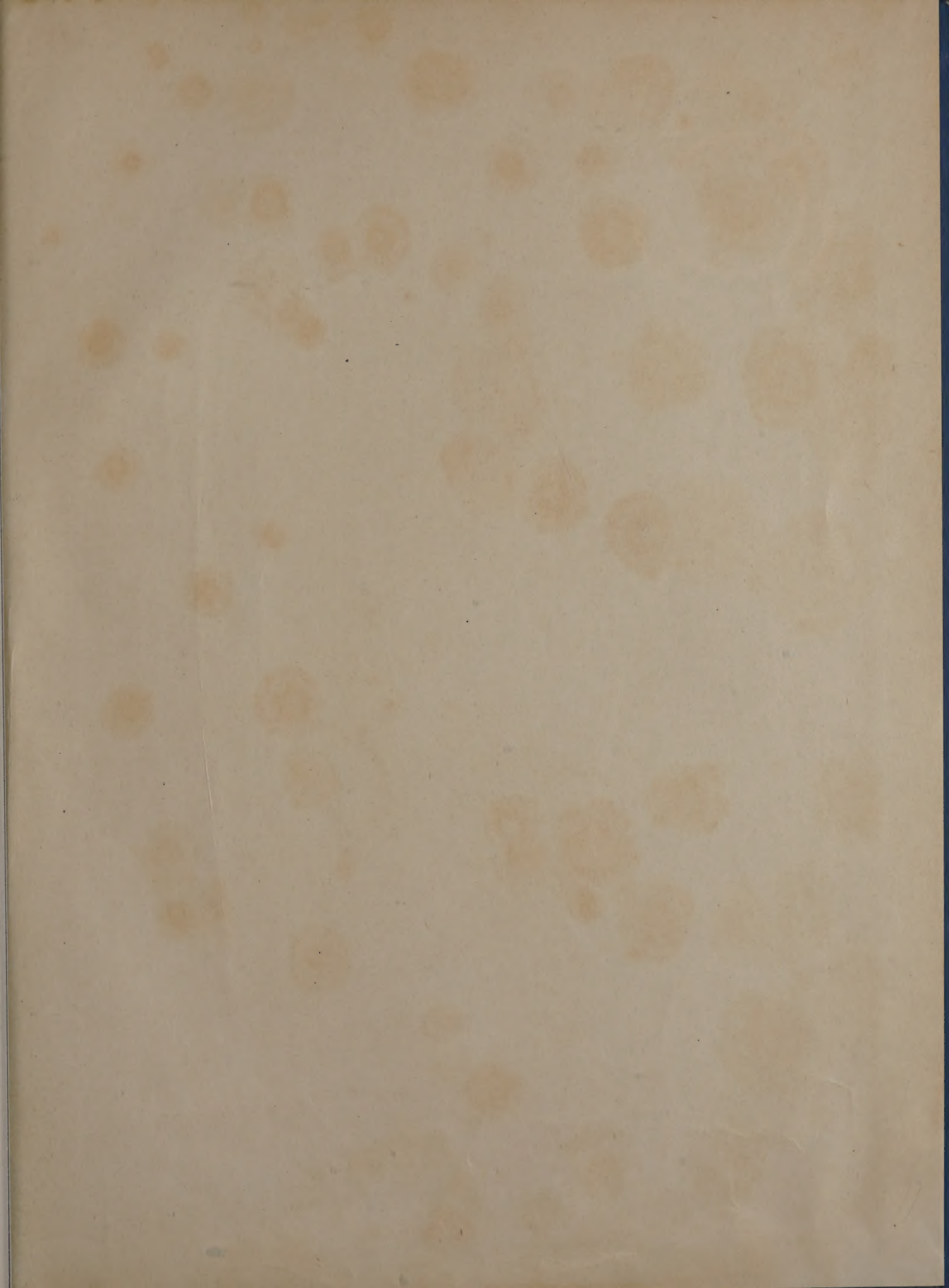
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